

# DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

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RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA. FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

NO. 123.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,

230 California Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO,  
Manufacture and have constantly on hand

SPORTING,  
MINING,  
and BLASTING  
POWDER,

A superior quality, fresh from the mills. It is constantly received and transported into the interior, is delivered to the consumer within a few days of the time of its manufacture, and is in every way

Superior to Any Other Powder  
In the market. We have been awarded

Three Gold Medals!

At the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE and the State Agricultural Society for the superiority of our products over all others. We call attention to our

Hercules Powder,

Which combines all the force of other strong explosives now in use, and the lifting force of

BEST BLASTING POWDER,

Thus making it vastly superior to any other compound now in use

Circular containing a full description of this Powder can be obtained on application at the offices of any of our agents.

JOHN F. LOHSE, Sec'y.

HODGKINSON,

DRUGGIST!

SPONGES, CHAMOISE SKINS

TOILET SOAP,

Patent Medicines, and  
FINE CIGARS.

Virginia street, Reno.

C. NOVACOVIC H. J. BERRY.

BERRY & NOVACOVIC,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Tables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCO, WINES, LIQUORS AND

CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries, No

need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade

collected, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Address, BERRY or RENO, P. O. Box 8.

RENO LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Opposite the R. R. Depot, Reno.

J. A. POTHOFF, PROPRIETOR.

Horses, Buggies and Saddle Horses

TO LET.—

Best Turnouts Constantly on Hand.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week

or Month.

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL, RENO, NEVADA.

J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE LAST WILL AND

testament of Claude F. Seltzer, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Aubin Bergeret, as Executor of the last will and testament of Claude F. Seltzer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims, against, said deceased, to present and exhibit the same, together with all documents, papers and instruments, thereto, within ten months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned as Executor, at the office of S. D. King, attorney at law, on the west side of Virginia street, between First and Second streets, in the town of Reno, Washoe county, State of Nevada, for adjustment and adjustment.

AUBIN BERGERET,  
Executor of the last will and testament of Claude F. Seltzer, deceased.

Reno, Nevada, February 21, 1890.

4w

NEVADA BUSINESS.

A DVERTISE IN THE DAILY AND WEEKLY

RENO JOURNAL, established 20 years. If you

want to do business in Nevada, advertise in the JOURNAL.

NOTICE.

THE COLLECTOR OF THE RENO

Water Company has been instructed to strictly

enforce the rules and regulations of the company.

By order of the President,

RENO WATER CO.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. H. LINDSAY,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.  
Reno, Nevada.

Will practice in all the Courts of Nevada and California.

DR. C. J. MULLEN,

OFFICE SUNDERLAND'S BUILDING,

VIRGINIA STREET.

Hours: 9 to 11 A. M. and 3 to 5 P. M.

by 25M.

THOMAS FITCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

DR. M. A. GREENLAW,

DENTIST

ROOMS over Tassell's Shoe Store, in Powning's New Brick, east side of Virginia street. All work skillfully performed and satisfaction guaranteed.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

Office hours from 9 A. M. until 15 P. M.

M. J. CURTIS,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.

RENO, NEVADA.

Plans Furnished and Estimates Given.

Residence and place of business—Corner of First and Stevenson streets.

CHAS. A. JONES. ROBT. M. CLARKE.

CLARKE & JONES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Reno Office, Virginia St., in Powning's New Brick Building.

H. L. FISH,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.

Deeds and other papers drawn and acknowledged at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—In First National Bank.

DR. H. BERGSTEIN,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND OTOGOLOCHEUR.

OFFICE—Rooms 1 and 2 Second Floor, 1890, Virginia Street, Reno. Residence—Corner Chestnut and Second Streets, Powning's Addition.

E. C. MCCLELLAN, C. E.

Copyist U. S. Land and Mineral

SURVEYOR FOR NEVADA.

GENERAL LAND AGENT. Mines laid out and

surveyed for patent. Lands surveyed. Applications, Contracts, Payments on land, and all

matters appertaining to taking up and holding

land of the State or Government attended.

Shall keep fully up to date and take and vacant

in the Eastern part of the State.

Address, E. C. MCCLELLAN, P. O. Box 8.

RICHARD HERZ,

RENO, NEVADA.

DEALER IN

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Optical Goods.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

Engraving and Watch Repairing

STANDARD TIME TAKEN BY TRANSIT

RENO, NEVADA.

RENO

## DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,  
12 CENTS PER WEEK.

## BREVITIES.

F. Levy &amp; Bro. are receiving their Spring goods.

This is good weather for the ice men, and now they smile.

Wild ducks are said to be getting numerous along the Humboldt.

Senator Foley and wife returned from the Bay yesterday morning.

Verdi will indulge in a masquerade ball on the evening of March 7th.

Snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches at Tuscarora Monday and Tuesday night.

The President yesterday nominated Richard S. Rodman to be Postmaster at Carson.

Judge Rising left for San Francisco last night. He expects to be gone about two weeks.

The thermometers here yesterday ranged from 6 to 8 degrees below zero according to their location.

General C. W. Booton left yesterday for San Francisco, having been called suddenly to his wife who is seriously ill.

Deputy Sheriff Plae brought Henry T. Sayers over from Carson yesterday Sayers having been committed to the Asylum.

The Postage Stamp Company will present "A Social Session" in McKissick's Opera House on March 8th. Advance Agent Fred F. Platt is here bidding the town.

Alexander Pollock, who was recently brought from Churchill county, was adjudged insane yesterday afternoon by Judge Rising, and will be committed to the Insane Asylum.

Benjamin Jenkins, sentenced to serve a term of ten years at hard labor in the State Prison for manslaughter, was taken to Carson Tuesday morning from Virginia by Sheriff McCullough in a rockaway.

P. Kirwin, Superintendent of the Best &amp; Belcher and Gould &amp; Corry mines, left Virginia for Reno yesterday afternoon en route for Mexico to inspect mines in the interest of San Francisco capitalists. He will be absent about six weeks.

When the monthly bullion yield of the Comstock lode is up to the usual average of \$650,000, the discount on silver reduces the coin value more than one-sixth below what the total product would be if the white metal was quoted at par.

Judge Rising arrived on the V. &amp; T. local yesterday and held Court here. After attending to some probate matters, he granted divorces in the following cases: Delta Jackson from William Jackson, Daniel P. Murphy from Mary Murphy, Charles Johnson from Mary Johnson.

## Amusements.

A dramatic and musical treat is in store for the amusement patrons of Reno in the appearance on Saturday, March 8th, of the Postage Stamp Company in their latest comedy success "A Social Session." This company was organized in Boston two years ago, and enjoys a splendid reputation in the East, while the Western and Coast papers are unanimous in its praise.

"A Social Session" is a farce comedy, full of fun and original situations, interspersed with plenty of singing, dancing and specialties. It is extremely laughable, and possesses the rare charm of originality, while the situations follow one upon the other with a naturalness and unique humor that fairly captivates the audience. Few comedies contain more delightful melodies, and the attention of the listener is absorbed from beginning to end. The company also carries the Black Hussar Band and Orchestra, which is considered the finest musical organization on the road in a similar capacity in America.

## Good Year for Prospectors.

While the deep snow in this State has been hard on stock this Winter, it will be of great advantage to the prospector this Summer, as the Spring freshets while coursing down the mountain sides and through the canyons will cause ore deposits and croppings to be laid bare that have been heretofore unknown, and may result in the discovery of some rich finds that will give mining an impetus that will astonish the oldest prospector, and open up some of the old mining camps that have been deserted for years. Notwithstanding the loss of cattle, this will be a good year for Nevada, which will be followed by more prosperous ones, and mark a new era in the State's growth and advancement.

## The V. &amp; T.

The V. &amp; T. Company has had a hard time of it the past few days bucking against snow drifts and hard winds. Their efforts have at last been successful, and trains are now running as usual. The local train came down from Carson yesterday forenoon and the passenger came clear through last night. The Comstock miners who were laid off on account of the suspension of ore shipments have returned to work, the road having been opened for ore trains.

## Gregory-Winters.

Quite a number of Renoites went to Washoe last evening to attend the wedding of Miss Nettie Winters, daughter of Theo. Winters, and Mr. Gregory, of San Francisco. A pleasant time was had by all. The presents were numerous and some of them costly and elegant. The guests from here and the newly married couple came down on the passenger train, and Mr. and Mrs. Gregory continued on to the Bay where they will spend their honeymoon.

LOTTERY LOCATION.  
Designs Upon the State of Nevada—The Views of Legislators.

It has been stated for several days, says the San Francisco Chronicle, that now that the Louisiana Lottery has been defeated in North Dakota an attempt would be made to reinstate the scheme in Nevada. Three years ago an attempt was made to establish a lottery enterprise there, and a year ago it was again before the Legislature. It has been said that all this time the Louisiana people were really behind the scheme. The fact that their 20 years' charter will expire in Louisiana this year, and that they cannot get it renewed there, has caused them to look anxiously to North Dakota and other States. Nevada seems now to be their last hope.

Several Nevada legislators are now in this city, among them Senator M. D. Foley, of Reno, and Senator John Torre, of Ense. Senator Foley has not been in favor of the lottery, but Senator Torre and many others favor it. Mr. Foley, in talking about the situation to a Chronicle reporter at the Palace said:

"Three years ago the Legislature passed a bill authorizing certain parties to run a lottery. The men to whom it was to be granted were simply dummies. Colonel Stone, Chancellor Derby, Joe Douglass and a lot more in the Legislature were pushing it. They passed it by a large majority in the House, where it originated, and in the Senate by a majority of only five. I objected to it on the grounds of I didn't believe in casting a stigma and stain on the State. It hadn't been called a lottery burrough, and I didn't want such a bill passed. These people were to give a certain fixed sum for the privilege, I think \$20,000 for the first year, and \$40,000 a year afterwards. I said next, if we were to have a lottery let the State run it, and let us have an irrigation fund as the result. I was opposed to individuals taking it in hand. Well, notwithstanding all that was said it was passed, and then its supporters found it was unconstitutional. Then a move was made to amend the Constitution, but it did not succeed."

Senator Torre, who talked to a Chronicle reporter last night, said he had not heard of any decided move from the Louisiana people, but he had not been where he could communicate with those in favor of it. He said he believed it might be established, and that he was in favor of it. He stated that there was a special election last February, when it was defeated by popular vote by from 700 to 800. Notwithstanding this, he thought it could be pushed through. He said it depended a good deal on the judges and the manner of calling another special election. "It would be an advantage to Nevada," said he, "because the school fund would get \$50,000 or \$60,000 per annum and there would be a large residue for irrigation and other purposes. The State needs money now. Taxes are high, and what better way could we take to help out the State? A vast quantity of money is constantly going from California, the West largely and all the States generally to Louisiana. Why not keep the Western money, at least, within the bounds of the West?"

He said that W. E. Sharon, and such Senators as Dunlop and Boyle, of Storey county, Evan Williams and Noteware, of Ormsby—in fact, as was shown by the vote of the Legislature—were in favor of the scheme. He thought it might go through.

## Divorced.

In the district Court last evening says the Virginia Chronicle of Wednesday, Mrs. Eliza Derby was granted a divorce from Charles Derby on the ground of adultery. The Court allowed Mrs. Derby \$75 a month alimony and assessed the costs and attorney's fees on her divorced husband, whose salary the complaint alleges is \$300 or more a month.

## Three Month's Sleighting.

In no former year in the history of the Comstock, says the Chronicle, has there been so long a period of sleighting as during this Winter. The first snowfall of any importance was on November 20th, and runners were first seen on the streets this Winter on the day following. Since that date, with rare exceptions, no wheeled vehicles have been used.

## Cattle in Elko County.

A dispatch from Elko states that the thermometer was 41 degrees below zero at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and, with a foot of snow on the ground, there is not much chance for cattle. Even those that are being fed are dying.

## OPERA HOUSE DRY GOODS STORE.

## SECOND MONTH

OF THE

## GREAT AUCTION SALE!

OF

## DRY GOODS

AT THE

## OPERA HOUSE

## Dry Goods Store.

To continue the Great Auction Sale of

## DRY GOODS,

## DRESS GOODS,

## CLOTHING,

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

10,000 yards of all wool dress goods.  
500 yards fancy striped wrapper flannels.  
10,000 yards of bleached and unbleached muslin.  
500 jackets for ladies and misses.  
500 pairs of ladies' knit hose.  
500 pairs of childrens' knit hose.  
1,000 pair men and boys' socks.  
500 suits of clothing for men and boys.  
Underwear for men, women and children in innumerable quantities.  
1,000 pairs white and colored blankets.  
200 comforters.

The above goods are all of the BEST QUALITY and will be sold to the

## HIGHEST BIDDER FOR CASH.

Sales to commence at 2 o'clock and 7 P. M. sharp, so come on time to insure sitting room, for soon after the auction commences each day standing room is at a premium. This sale will continue until April 1st, and will be a fine opportunity for parties to lay in their supply for the Spring and Summer, and at

## AT ONE HALF THE PRICE

Which is asked at other Houses in our City.

Respectfully,  
C. W. BOOTON.

N. B. I have been told that unscrupulous merchants say that I am selling auction goods, but all I have to say is that a better selected stock was never brought to our city, as all who purchased at the last auction can testify that my goods were of the best quality.

C. W. BOOTON,  
Auctioneer.

**ROYAL**  
BAKING POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and holiness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, New York.

## PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

GRAND ANNUAL  
CLEARANCE SALE!

AT THE

PALACE

Dry Goods and Carpet House.

COMMENCING

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH.

We inaugurate our Grand Annual Clearance Sale with a Sweeping and General Cut in Prices throughout the remainder of our Winter Stock of Dry Goods, which includes an immense quantity of seasonable goods that must be disposed of before the arrival of Spring importations. As examples of the Matchless Bargains Offered in Every Department, we append a number of attractive lines of

## DRESS GOODS!

And as an Additional Inducement to an Early Call we include the Following Goods at Astounding Reductions From Former Prices:

1000 yards of staple Ginghams in blue and white, brown and white checks, fast colors, at only 5 cents per yard.  
10 pieces checked Nainsook and Organdie, suitable for aprons and children's drawers, at 8 1/2 cents per yard, worth a bit a yard.  
25 dozen misses' and children's solid colored, soft ribbed cotton hose, in black, brown and navy, sizes 5 to 8 1/2, at 25 cents per pair, worth 50 cents.  
12 dozen ladies' perfect fitting and well finished drab Corsets, sizes 18 to 30, at 50 cents a pair, worth double.  
25 dozen ladies' merino Undervests, sizes 30 to 38, at only 25 cents each.  
12 dozen misses' all wool, full finished cashmere hose, in black, garnet, navy and seal brown, splendid quality, down to 25 cents per pair.  
15 pieces roller Toweling will be sold at 5 cents per yard.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!—At 50 cents, 46 pieces marbleized Silk Plushes, in all the latest shades—worth 75 cents.

## DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT:

At 50 cents.... 10 pieces black, real Mohair Sicilian, 54 inches wide.... worth 75 cents  
At 50 cents.... 8 pieces black, iron frame Alpaca, 49 inches wide.... worth 75 cents  
At 65 cents—6 pieces black, real Mohair, silk finished Alpaca, 40 in wide—worth 90 cents  
At 75 cents.... 9 pieces black, Mohair Sicilian, 40 inches wide.... worth \$1.00  
At 20 cents, 15 pieces double fold, full yard wide, cashmere Serge, all desirable colors including black, down to 20 cents per yard.  
At 40 cents, 10 pieces excellent quality French Cashmere in all the leading colors, usua price 65 cents.  
At 40 cents, 12 pieces double fold, all wool Trecots, in the following shades: garnet, myrtle, seal, navy, serpent, cardinal, etc., down to 40 cents per yard.

There will be bargains offered in Flannels, Blankets, Comforters; bargains in Domestic, bargains in ladies' fine Hosiery; bargains in Cloaks of every description; bargains in every department, too numerous to mention.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS will be offered in Carpets, Oil Cloths, and Wall Paper.

It is our desire to make this clearance sale a lasting remembrance and will, therefore, place on sale many bargains not enumerated in this list. Be on hand early

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17,

And secure some of the many bargains offered.

*The Palace Dry Goods House*

F. LEVY &amp; BRO.

## RENO'S ATTRACTION,

## F. LEVY &amp; BRO.'S

Dry Goods, Cloak and Carpet Store.

LARGEST STOCK,  
FINEST GOODS,  
LOWEST PRICES.

## ONE PRICE TO ALL.

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN,

—DEALER IN—

Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire,

Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Buckeye And all Other Kinds of Machine Extras: Specialty.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY.

Agent for Empire Mower.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

H. J. THYES.

H. J. THYES,

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

Sole Agent for the State of Nevada for Schmidt &amp; Co.'s Sarsaparilla and Iron Water, from Stockton, Cal.

And Idaho Mineral Water and Ginger Ale from Idaho Soda Springs.

I also handle Sierra Beer from Boz, Cal., exclusively. Trade and Families supplied.

Good delivered free of charge in town.

FIRST-CLASS SIDEBOARD.

## DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road, in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse and a circle of wondering eyes watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to rise. Hold for his toll is over; no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim; See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his head. Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead; After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie. With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only to die!

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps; Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps. One of the passing wonders marking the city road; A toller dying in harness, heedless of call or goad. Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile. Was it the sympathy? Only death; why should we come to smile? At death for a beast of burden? On through the toller, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness dead!

—John Doyle O'Reilly.

## South America's Pampero.

A strange natural phenomenon is the pampero, a South American storm wind. It is thus described: A light breeze had been blowing from the northeast, but had steadily increased in force and brought with it the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless pampa country, exposed to the burning sun rays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the Rio de la Plata that its effect upon human beings is exceedingly bad. This state of things generally lasts for a week or longer, until the stifling heat becomes unbearable, and the inhabitants are seen resting in grass hammocks or lying on bare floors, incapable of exertion.

However, relief is close at hand. A little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" is first seen to rise above the water, then the heavens grow black with clouds, and the battle of opposing winds begins. The pampero advances with its artillery well in front; forked flashes of vivid lightning, followed by peals of thunder, bear down upon the sea, who, quite up to the moment of attack, is fiercely discharging its fiery breath on the surrounding regions. The inhabitants now climb on the arbores, or flat roofs, to watch the struggle and to be the first to participate in the delicious relief brought by the pampero to their fevered bodies.

Far out on the river a curious sight may be seen; the opposing waves, raised by the rival winds, meet like a rush of cavalry in wild career; their white horses with foaming crests dash themselves against each other and send clouds of dazzling spray high in the air; this, being backed by an inky sky, renders the scene most imposing. Gradually the north-easter gives way, followed closely by its enemy, the pampero, which throws out skirmishing currents of ice cold wind in advance of its final onslaught. Then comes the roar of the elements, and a deluge such as no one would willingly encounter, and cooler weather is established for the time being.—Cleveland Herald.

## Don't Sit on Your Spines!

"We ought to establish in the United States a school of deportment for public men," says Kato Field. "And the first motto I should hang up over the door would be: 'Don't sit on your spine!' I couldn't help thinking of that as I sat in the gallery of the house of representatives the day the chief justice delivered his oration. In marched the president and Mr. Blaine, followed by the other secretaries, and sat down in the first row of the amphitheatre. Sat! Yes, sitting is what it is called. Within five minutes every member's son of them, with perhaps one exception, had slid down so that his body was supported by his shoulder blades and the small of his back.

The justices of the supreme court followed, and down they went in the same way. So did the rest of the dignitaries, as bevy after bevy filed in. In contrast with them there sat the foreign ministers and the delegates to the two international conferences, as upright as ramrods. What made the contrast most disagreeable was the fact that our own great men were by far the best looking persons on the floor, as a rule. It seemed a pity that they should spoil their fine effect by such an attitude. But it is the common fault of Americans in public places. Congress habitually sits on its four hundred and odd spines when it isn't making speeches or writing letters. Our magistrates do it on the bench. Our legislators do it. Everybody does it. —Chicago Times.

## Setting a Duel.

An amusing story used to be told of a wag who accepted a challenge to fight a duel. On the appointed day he sent word to his opponent to chalk on a board an outline of his (the challenged party's) figure, and if the challenger hit it he would consider himself wounded or dead, as the case might be.

This story may possibly have originated from one told in the "History of Hartford, Vt., or Consider Bardwell, an irreconcileable keeper of that town."

He was often at variance with his neighbors, and once he and a guest, having quarreled, agreed to fight a duel. At the appointed hour the adversary appeared, armed with a shotgun. Bardwell loved a joke, and, being very busy, said to him:

"Tom, I'll tell you what I'll do: You go out and set up a board about my size and shoot at it, and if you hit it I'll acknowledge myself killed, and treat the crowd."

The ludicrous proposition made every one laugh, and thus ended a farce.—Youth's Companion.

## The King's Hobby.

Louis XVIII was indulgent toward all shortcomings, with the exception of disdain of gastronomic pleasures. He came near to disgracing the Duo de Blaives on this score. "How do you find this salmi?" asked the king one day. "Ils font, sire, I confess that I never pay attention to what I eat." "You make a great mistake," replied the king, dryly; "people should always pay attention to what they eat and to what they say." —San Francisco Argonaut.

## Waste Water Power Utilized.

It has now become a well established fact that waste water power can be converted into electric energy, conveyed from 10 to 100 miles on a small copper wire in amounts from 10 to 500 horse power, at a cost not to exceed \$6,500 per mile for the greater distance and the larger power.—New York Telegram.

## RAGPICKERS OF PARIS.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE WRITES OF THE CHIFFONNIERS.

Some Astonishing Facts About These Strange Scavengers of the Streets of the Great French Capital—Their Organization and Their Work.

M. Rouff, a dealer in diamonds, lost a fine, large pearl, weighing 125 grains and valued at \$8,000. He immediately put posters up on all the walls of Paris offering a handsome reward for its recovery. Several weeks elapsed, when a poor woman called on the commissary of police in the Rue Montmartre and handed the lost pearl to that official. Her name was Gautier. She was a chiffonniere, or female ragpicker, by trade, and had found the pearl in a heap of rubbish in the Rue Lafitte. She lived in a small wooden shanty in the Rue du Ruisseau, a poorly tenanted street belonging to a quarter known as Les Grandes Carrières, so named from the "large quarries" on the northern slopes of Montmartre, where the city formerly got much of its fine limestone for building.

The new law that forbids housekeepers placing their rubbish in the streets overnight has been a sad blow to the corporation, to which this poor, honest woman belongs. Some compensation has, it is true, been offered them by the tolerance of the police, who close their eyes to the infringement of the regulations in the narrow streets which are lined with shops and warehouses. They have each their own concierge, who permits them to forage at daybreak among the rubbish brought down by the servants from upstairs.

They have the work of sorting to do when they get back from their early morning task of collecting the refuse. Some sell it to a bœuf or trieur (sorter), as he is called, who sits at home like a gentleman, and there quietly assembles, examines and separates the different articles picked up by his work people. He then sells the material to buyers of various sorts.

The business is anything but a lucrative one. Parisians, however, throw away every year more than 300,000 tons of stuff, which the ragpickers collect and sell for upward of 25,000 francs, or nearly \$5,000.00. The daily returns amount in all to more than 70,000 francs (\$14,000), but there are 40,000 men and women to share the sum between them, so that each gets an average of 1 franc 75 centimes, or less than 35 cents. Two hundred pounds of waste paper cannot be sold for more than a couple of francs, woolen rags are only worth 5 cents a pound, cotton 3 cents, and bones at best 1 franc 55 centimes, or 37 cents, per hundred weight.

A man working steadily all night—for they still ply their trade on a small scale, despite the edict of the prefect—may earn, if he has a fair amount of good fortune, from forty to sixty cents, but not more. A silver spoon does occasionally turn up in the rubbish, but a pearl of purest orient hue—well, so to speak, never. Besides, every member of the corporation of ragpickers is bound under severe penalties to deposit any valuable he may find at the nearest police office. Each has a card or ticket with a number inscribed, and a number corresponding with that on the card is fastened to the hôte or basket. Ragpickers, moreover, have always been noted for their industry and honesty.

The "new law" I have alluded to was a decree enacted by M. Poubelle, prefect of the Seine, requiring every concierge to provide a box for the rubbish of the tenants, and to have it ready for the dust carts on their morning rounds. It came into force Jan. 15, 1884. The evident effect, if not the object, of this regulation was to check the chiffonnière's occupation, and to give the dust contractor a monopoly of the refuse. On sanitary grounds the prefect may have been right, but policy required moderation even in a question where the health of so large a city as Paris is concerned. The fact of suddenly reducing so large a crowd of honest servants to downright beggary was a mistake noted for their industry and honesty.

Public opinion, which in France, as in other countries of a similar high degree of civilization, is the supreme ruler, spoke up in favor of the ragpicker and against that minor sovereign known as the prefect of the Seine. Many deputies also humanely joined in the protest, so that now immortal M. Poubelle was constrained to offer partial excuses for his action in the matter, and promised that the utmost tolerance should be exercised by the authorities in behalf of this particular and—as he admitted—"most honorable" industry. The ragpickers were in future to be allowed to turn out the new dust boxes, so as to be able to rake over the contents.

I will conclude this article about ragpickers by relating the story of a poor woman, Mme. Vanard, who arrived at competency by collecting orange peel, and thereby not only helped herself, but gave occupation to others. She became a rich person, a great patroness of art and a regular habitue of the opera. Her husband was in business as a distiller of spirits and essences, such as are used by perfumers and dealers in liqueurs. She gave him as much assistance as she could. He, however, died, whereupon she tried for some time to carry on the distillery alone, but without success.

Taking over matters one day with the keeper of a restaurant where she used to take her dinner, she was much struck with a remark that he made, to the effect that there was a fortune to be realized by some clever person in the orange and lemon peel which was daily thrown away by the garcons of the cafe.

She took the hint and pondered over it. The next thing she did was to sell her stock in trade and become a sort of amateur chiffonnière, with this difference—that the object of her quest was orange and lemon peel only. She struck up business relations with the limonadiers and the various waiters who, you know how men are!—were glad to help a young and, as she was then, good looking woman. They all, in fact, watched her progress in this low town with considerable interest.

She had a tiresome task at first, but soon she got to be known matters went on more smoothly. The peel idea proved a success. In fact, she prospered so rapidly that she was soon able to employ other hands to do the dirty work of collecting the material from the streets, as also from the theatres, for the sweepings of which she contracted.

She presided herself over some thirty young women in her orange and lemon peel warehouse, all of whom were busily occupied in cleaning, pressing and packing the peel as it arrived, an operation which she christened by the word "zester." Vast quantities of zest were daily sent away to all parts of the country and abroad, for the use of the Dutch, German, Swedes, etc., etc., and the many kinds of light drinks and apertifs which are met with over the continent. She has now retired from business, and enjoys the hard-earned fruits of her former labor—Mrs. Frank Leslie in Detroit News.

## A REGIMENTAL MAGPIE.

His Antics Would Upset Almost Everything in the Army Camp.

He was only a magpie, but such a magpie! At first he belonged to a private in a regiment out on the alkali plains of Nevada. Then the company adopted him as its own, and finally from the proprietorship of Company B, he became the regimental magpie, only, instead of the regiment owning him, he owned the regiment. There never was a slicker, more self-satisfied beast, and mischief and antics without end, were on his programme. He could whistle; he could dance; he could mock; anything that sings, and imitation anything that walks; a magpie, you know, doesn't hop, it walks like a crow or blackbird. On dress parade it would turn out with the regiment, and follow the officer of the day up and down the line with the most dignified strut imaginable. The soldiers could hardly keep straight faces when the bird would scold the colonel as he gave his orders.

Billy—that was his name—would occasionally steal, and only close and constant watching would reveal his hiding places. Sometimes he would succeed in catching his thefts for two or three months before detection followed. Then a couple of quarts of coins, currency, stamps, buttons, pipes, tobacco, cigars, straps, thread, forks, spoons and small trifles would be unearthed. If he caught any one spying upon him he would be as crafty as a fox, and put up all sorts of dodges to throw the detective off the track. He would make false leads, fly off a mile in the sage bush, and then sneak into the fort close to the ground, so that no one might see him.

Finally the regiment was ordered to another post. Billy went along after much protesting and scolding on his part. He knew something was up, and hustled around after his various treasures which he brought in from every quarter and dumped in a heap in one of the quartermaster's wagons. Some things were recovered which had been missing for over a year. When the troops marched Billy flew alongside, with numerous private excursions and picnic parties all by himself off into the surrounding country, but he was always on hand at meal times and at night.

At San Francisco a ship was taken for Portland, Ore., and Billy came, too. He sat in his room like a gentleman, and there quietly assembles, examines and separates the different articles picked up by his work people. He then sells the material to buyers of various sorts.

His career came near terminating the second day out. The window of the captain's state room was down and Billy perched on the ledge. He watched the captain picking out the ship's course on the chart and making calculations and entries. After a while the captain walked out and Billy flew in. Everything was handy. He stuck his bill in the ink bottle and took a swallow. It didn't hit his stomach as well as it did his complexion, and he proceeded to wipe his face on the chart. The nibs of his bill made a very good pen and drew beautiful lines, so he tried it with another mouthful. Beau-iful! The chart looked finer than before. He dropped a whole mouthful on the chart and walked in it. Then he walked over the table-cloth and the white counterpane of the captain's berth, and wound up by tipping the ink over, wiping his mouth out with a piece of the log book, and flying off with a pair of silver dividers.

When the captain came in there was blue lightning. The tell-tale tracks betrayed the culprit. The captain grabbed down a loaded shotgun from its brackets over the door, and started on deck swearing that he would kill the magpie on sight. When the soldiers heard his threats fifty of them grabbed their rifles, and threatened to shoot the captain if he harmed Billy. There was danger of mutiny right there, and the officers had sense enough to see it. They pacified the infuriated master, and Billy escaped. His end was untimely. Some months later he got to fooling with the mechanism of a breech loading field piece, and the lever fell down on him and smashed his inquisitive head in.

The first cloth made in Kentucky was in 1776, by the wife of William Forgue, who that year joined the settlement at Harrodsburg. She brought with her the first spinning wheel ever seen west of the mountains, and she spun thread from the lint of the nettle, which grew abundantly in the new country, and upon a rude loom contrived by her husband she worked it into cloth. This she called linen, but by adding a "filling" spun from buffalo wool she made a cloth she called linsey woolsey. Considerable of such cloth was made here before the introduction of sheep, and before the people began to cultivate flax and hemp.

These are no fancy sketches drawn from a romantic imagination, but true of pioneer life, and the world is not half a century older since much of that described above could be daily witnessed in Kentucky.

A DUEL OVER JEANS.

The spinning wheel, the loom and the reel have disappeared, except as relics. (It is fashionable now to have our grandmothers' old wheels, bedecked with ribbons and gewgaws, conspicuously displayed in our parlors and libraries.) A suit of country brown jeans is never seen now, except when the revenue officers bring in a squad of moonshiners from the mountains. But following the period of buckskin breeches every man wore home made jeans and linens. I have seen the late Governor John L. Helm on public occasions, where he took a conspicuous part, dressed in a suit of jeans.

The celebrated duel between Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall in 1807 grew out of Marshall's sarcastic criticism of Clay for wearing jeans clothes. Marshall was an aristocrat socially and a federalist politically. He believed Clay's republican ideas and plebeian tastes affected to give him prestige with the people, and he gave his "stinging pen and bitter tongue" full swing at him, until Clay could no longer endure his biting sarcasm, and he challenged him. The result of the duel was nothing more serious, said Col. Sam Major, writing of the affair, than "a slight wound to Mr. Clay's jeans breeches inflicted by Marshall's Manton."

One of the early writers, describing the times in the first quarter of the present century, says: "Fashionable young men wore tight bodied, well-tailored coats, with large, high collars, buff or white vests, stockinets, high top boots, wrinkled or fair, with a tassel in front, high short collars reaching to the ears, and a few worn ruffles. Gold watches were uncommon, but a bull's eye with a metallic fob chain, seal and key was usually sported. The fashions didn't change then as often as they do now. The same bonnet or hat was worn for years. Men wore their hats eight or ten years, and yet, not half worn out, would barter them to the hatter in part pay for a new one of the latest style."

"The same bonnet was worn as long, the trimming perhaps changed every two or three years. Calico was the prevailing material for ladies' fine dresses, such as were worn in making calls, attending religious meetings or evening parties. The more elderly wore bombazine." Six yards were ample sufficient for a pattern. An article called homespun wool, or cotton and wool, was usually worn about the house when engaged in ordinary domestic duties. There were social parties in those days, but there was some regard paid to proper hours for meeting and dispersing. The company assembled at early candle lighting and went home at reasonable bedtimes and had no ice cream or oyster suppers." —W. H. Perrine in Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Benign Witchery of Candle Light. There are so many women who have passed their first youth who appear at the balls in New York and receive the devoted attention of men for whom they must entertain a most grandmotherly interest, that the question of light has become a most important one, so these foxy caters to the female complexion have taken a leaf out of French books and lighted their rooms with candles, the silver candelabra being set in the walls so that the light falls from the side, not above, while pretty little fluted petticoats of rose silk shade the colored candles. A side light, especially if it is rose tinted, takes ten years from a woman's age. No wonder we are in favor of abolishing the deadly electric lamps and the flaming gas, if wax candles are such thieves of time.—Hartford Courant.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

HOW OUR GRANDPARENTS LIVED, WORKED AND DRESSED.

Fashions Did Not Change in Those Days so Often as They Do Now—When the Women Really Made Their Own Clothes.

Henry Clay's Jeans Breeches.

The costume of the pioneer belle was not elaborate, and when she left the parental home for a home of her own Saratoga trunks were required for her wardrobe. She wore the larger portion of it. In later years we read that Henry Clay used to drive to Washington city in his family carriage with his wife and daughter, and take their wardrobe with them for a winter's stay at the national capital. Now the luggage of such a party would half fill a baggage car.

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